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found, on the river which bears his name, at Schodack, in the Spring of 1609, beanes of the last year's growth.* If they were not habitually stored along with their corne, and if none were kept over, "except occasionally for seed," it is impossible to believe they would have been given by the hogsheads to Bradford, or freely furnished as a feast and food-stores for Hudson and his crew,—or that, as Ruttenber states, "above a hundred pits of corn and beans were burned" at a time.†

As to the holes in the ground, described as "barnes, or welles," abounding on Shinnecock Playne, the presumption is very strong that they were mostly welles, from the constant and universal need of fresh water on sandy, flat and almost seagirt regions, wherever a wigwam was set up or changed in place.

At all events there was no such condition of things in the Providence Plantations. The geologic features of the two localities were entirely different. The Narragansetts put their barnes on hillsides, and had no need of welles in a country with so many springs and which Roger Williams describes as "full of brooks and rivers and abounding in fresh ponds." No evidence has been brought to show that welles or barnes, or old barnes caused any trouble to call for notice in their domains, while the immense sacks and baskets of their skillful handiwork (each holding several bushels), doubtless rendered their barnes fewer and smaller in size.

The fact remains, that the hollows and holes in the ground, whether "welles" or "barnes" or both, were not fruits or products of the soil, and in a catalogue of such fruits were out of place.

Whether *Au-qun-nash* means beanes or barnes, one cannot, in view of the authority of Dr. Trumbull's statements, accept the etymologies of Mr. Tooker.

With all his study, he does not answer the main question,—“Why are beanes omitted by Roger Williams in his Catalogue of the Fruits of the Earth, in the sixteenth Chapter of the Key?”

*Hudson's Journal, in de Laet., 1625, Lib. III., Chap. 10.

†Tribes of Hudson's River—150.

The whole inquiry is thus relegated anew to the philologists. Of these there seem to be but two organizations in a position to decide. One, the Indian Section of the American Philological Society; the other, the Indian Bureau of the Smithsonian Institute. The latter has been for years studying the hundreds of Indian languages of the East and West, and is in constant session. To it, therefore, the writer has submitted for consideration, both the "Key-hole" and Mr. Tooker's paper, in print.

It is left for the Institute to decide these questions; and if Roger Williams omitted Beanes from his list of vegetables in the Key, we trust it will make clear to us, not only the fact, but also the reason why.

Its investigations will doubtless evolve the truth, and its decision will bear a stamp of authority.

WILLIAM D. ELY.

May, 1894.

Virginia Baker

GLIMPSES OF ANCIENT SOWAMS.

REMINISCENCES OF THE ABORIGINES—THEIR SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

"Warren! where first beside the cradled nation
The old chief stood, we love thy storied past.
'Sowams is pleasant for a habitation—'
'Twas thy first history — may it be thy last."

Near neighbors to the Plymouth settlers were the Indians of the Wampanoag tribe of whom Massasoit or Osamequin was the principal sachem. The domain of Massasoit extended over a considerable territory embracing nearly all the southeastern portion of Massachusetts from Cape Cod to Narra-

gansett Bay; but the villages of the Wampanoags were principally located within the limits of a tract of country called by the Indians "Pokanoket." Pokanoket comprised the region now occupied by the towns of East Providence, Barrington, Warren and Bristol in Rhode Island; together with portions of Seekonk, Swansea, and Rehoboth in Massachusetts, the headquarters of the chief being at the village of Sowams or Sowamset.

For many years the location of Sowams was a disputed point, authorities variously fixing it at Barrington, Warren, and Bristol. Gen. Guy M. Fessenden was the first to prove it to have been on the site of Warren near the spring which still bears the sachem's name. The facts which determined Gen. Fessenden in arriving at his conclusions are given at length in his "History of Warren." This history was published in 1845. Several years after its publication Gen. Fessenden obtained additional proof of the correctness of his theories. The student of Indian history is aware that, at the close of King Philip's war, the remnant of the Wampanoags fled to Maine and sought refuge from their white foes among the Penobscots, with whom they ultimately became blended. In 1860, a company of Indians, under the leadership of Father Beeson, the "Indian's Friend," made a tour of the United States giving a series of entertainments in the principal cities and towns. The object of their enterprise was a threefold one.

"1st. To prepare the public mind for a National Convention of Representatives from the Principal Tribes and their Friends in the States.

"2d. To devise and present for Congressional action, a plan for a protective policy between the two races.

"3rd. To prevent the proposed Border War."

Among the towns visited was Warren, where a prolonged stay was made. The Indians encamped upon some vacant lots on Franklin Street, just east of the railroad track. At their wigwams they sold bows and arrows, baskets and other implements of war and peace. Evening entertainments consisting of songs, dances, readings, and illustrations of various Indian customs were given at Armory Hall, and were attended by large audiences.

The sojourn in Warren was made with a special purpose in view. A member of the company, Mr. Frank Loring, known also by the Indian name of "Big Thunder," was a Penobscot by birth, but claimed descent from the Wampanoag tribe. The ancient traditions of his people declared Sowams to have been located within the limits of the town of Warren, and he sought for traces of the vanished home of his ancestors. He was provided with a rude chart of Sowams—the origin of which is unfortunately unknown—and by its means he was enabled to locate many of the most famous haunts of the aborigines. "Big Thunder" was a man of considerable intelligence, and a splendid specimen of his race, colossal in stature, of commanding presence and possessing features of statuesque beauty. Though advanced in years, he is, I believe, still living at Indian Old Town Island, Maine. It is to be regretted that the chart mentioned was, many years ago, destroyed by fire.

Among the historic spots located by "Big Thunder," was a gentle eminence on the farm now owned by Mr. Edward Mason. This farm is situated on the "Birch Swamp Road," in the northeasterly part of the town. The hillock referred to had always been known to its white possessors as "North Hill." "Big Thunder" gave its Indian name as "Wigwam Mountain." It greatly resembles a wigwam in shape. A little to the west of it is an Indian burial place, in which, even now, the outlines of six or eight graves are discernable. Mr. Loring exhumed two or three skeletons and several pipes and arrowheads. He also located two other burial places, one on the farm of Mr. Loring Coggeshall at the "narrows" of the Kickemuit River; another at "Burr's Hill," in South Warren. About two years ago, several skeletons were unearthed at the latter place. These were, generally, in a fair state of preservation. One peculiarity is deserving of attention. With one exception, every skull was surmounted by the remains of an inverted copper kettle, placed like a crown upon the brows. The exception was a trunkless head which had been carefully placed in a large iron dinner-pot.

The boundary line separating Warren and Swansea passes through a ledge of conglomerate generally known as "King's

Rocks." Here, according to Mr. Loring, Philip was in the habit of convening his warriors during the period immediately preceding the war. From this point he despatched scouts and raiding parties to Swansea, Mattapoissett, and other localities. Mr. Loring knew that one of the rocks in this ledge had been used as a mortar for pounding maize by the Wampanoag squaws. Assisted by Gen. Fessenden, he instituted a search, which resulted successfully. Nothing, however, now remains of this interesting monument of the past, save a fragment of stone built into the wall which skirts the roadside. The mortar has been carried away piecemeal by "relic fiends."

Among the traditions carefully preserved by the Penobscots was one declaring that, during Philip's War, the Wampanoags buried a quantity of wampum in Birch Swamp. "Big Thunder" brought with him directions for finding this hidden treasure. These directions had been handed down, in his tribe, from father to son for generations. They are curious as illustrating the Indian method of determining distances. A gentleman who accompanied him upon several excursions, states that, as nearly as he can recollect, they were as follows :

"From 'Margaret's Cave' 10 paces towards the sun at noonday, then 20 paces toward the setting sun in June.

"From the highest point of the ledge of rock in Birch Swamp 50 paces due west in September."

Mr. Loring spent three days searching for the buried hoard, but his efforts were fruitless, although he dug several holes at each location. Doubtless the wampum is still in the place where it was hidden, unless the devil, who formerly made the swamp one of his places of residence and whose hoofprints imbedded in the solid rock are to be seen there even to this day, has spirited it away to the lower regions.

"Margaret's Cave," of which only a portion now remains, derived its name from having been, for many years, the home of an Indian man, probably of Wampanoag origin, "Margaret" being undoubtedly the anglicised pronunciation of an Indian name. In Birch Swamp dwelt also "Old Hippy," another aboriginal. Just when these two red men lived I have been una-

ble to ascertain ; but, presumably, it must have been nearly if not quite a century ago. Both lived to old age. "Hippy" died peacefully in his bed, but "Margaret" perished in the flames of his summer wigwam which he accidentally set on fire. Near the cave are two rocks said to be the devil and his wife turned to stone by some influence more powerful than their own. At a little distance, on the top of the ledge of which the cave forms a part, is a wide and deep groove in the rocks closely resembling the track of a huge wheel. Tradition says it was caused by the devil who, having quarreled with her, trundled his spouse over the ledge in some kind of an infernal vehicle and "dumped" her into a hollow many feet below. The legend is probably of Indian origin.

There were two other Indian villages in close proximity to Sowams, "Kickemuit," situated around the spring of that name, and "Montaup" at the hill now known as "Mount Hope." The old Indian trail, a portion of which now constitutes "Metacom Avenue," led from the latter place through Kickemuit to Swansea. Along this trail Philip's warriors hastened on that memorable June Sabbath when the houses of the Swansea colonists were raided. At a point on the right bank of the Kickemuit near the present pumping station, the Indians, a few days later, set up on poles the heads of eight Englishmen whom they had captured at Mattapoissett (Gardner's Neck in Swansea). The white men who pursued them, took down these ghastly remains of their murdered comrades and buried them by the river. The eight skulls were accidentally exhumed some years ago. A few miles below, at "Weypoissett" or the "narrows" of the river, the English, against the advice of Capt. Benjamin Church, built a fort "to maintain the first ground they had gained by the Indians leaving it to them." While this fort was in process of construction, Philip and his warriors, who had retreated to Mount Hope, escaped in their canoes to Tiverton.

On the 29th of March, 1653, "Osamequin and Wamsetto his son, for and in consequence of thirty-five pounds sterling," sold Sowams and parts adjacent to the English. The original proprietors were Thomas Prince, Thomas Willet, Myles Standish, Josiah Winslow, William Bradford, Sr., Thomas

Clark, John Winslow, Thomas Cushman, William White, John Adams, and Experience Mitchell. Settlers rapidly located in the Sowams territory. The proprietors' record gives the names of more than forty persons who owned land in 1670. Among these names, appears that of Hugh Cole. Mr. Cole settled, at an early date, in what is now Swansea, upon the banks of the river which still bears his name. He purchased his land of King Philip, and a warm friendship sprang up between the two men which endured until Philip's death. Once when asked the cause of his affection for Mr. Cole, Philip replied, "He is the one Englishman who has never told me a lie." The following anecdote will illustrate the depth of the esteem cherished by the sachem for his white friend. Prior to the actual breaking out of the war, the Indians frequently raided the houses of the English. One evening, as Mr. Cole's family sat around the supper-table, an Indian runner was observed approaching the house. Philip's men being frequent visitors, the family felt no uneasiness. The Indian paused at the door of the house for a moment, then darted quickly away. Upon investigation, Mr. Cole found affixed above the entrance, three eagle's feathers — the royal insignia of the savage monarch. That night many homes were burned and plundered, but that of Hugh Cole remained unmolested. A few days later, Mr. Cole's two sons, John and Hugh, were captured and taken to Mt. Hope. Philip treated the boys with great kindness and sent them home with a message advising their father to flee to Aquidneck, as he could no longer restrain his warriors. Mr. Cole at once acted upon this advice, and his boat had hardly entered Mt. Hope Bay before he beheld his house in flames. At the close of the war he returned to Sowams settling upon the left bank of the Kickemuit.

It was towards Pokanoket that the exiled Roger Williams turned his weary steps. "Sowams is pleasant for a habitation," he wrote, and truly it would be difficult to find a fairer spot. It seems a pity that the aboriginal name was ever discarded. And how strange that its meaning is unknown. It is noticeable that the early writers generally speak of the Sowams as "the great river." Does "Sowams" mean "Great River"?

Who can tell? Year by year the past fades farther from us. Of the red men, who once peopled these shores, nothing remains but a few rhythmical names, a few shadowy legends, here and there, at our feet, a shattered pipe of clay, a broken stone vessel, a splintered arrowhead and — the land we wrested from their grasp.

“A buried world lies close beneath our feet,
O'er a whole peoples sepulchre we tread;
Yet who of all the living may repeat
The story of the dead?”

VIRGINIA BAKER.

Warren, R. I., September, 1894.

THE GREAT GALE OF SEPT. 23, 1815.

A SKETCH BY MRS. ESTHER HOPPIN E. LARDNER OF PHILADELPHIA, A SISTER OF THE LATE GEORGE HOPPIN OF PROVIDENCE — CONTRIBUTED BY MR. HENRY F. RICHARDS.

When this wonderful storm* occurred, our mother, born in 1784, was just thirty-one years old and was the mother of seven children. Our father was five years older. He had been educated for practising medicine, but not liking the profession, he devoted himself to the drug and chemical business. At the time of the gale he had just finished a large (for those days) laboratory and lead house for the making of dyestuffs and chemicals of all kinds, large retorts and carboys for vitriol, &c. When set in proper order and all ready for begin-

*In the Art Gallery are two pictures of the scene at the Great Bridge during the gale of Sept. 23, 1815, an account of which may be found on the 69th page of the Society's publications of 1893 (Ed.)





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